

Library

MIDDLEBURY CAMPUS

VOL XL

MIDDLEBURY CAMPUS, MIDDLEBURY, VT., APRIL 1, 1944

NO. 30

Piano Team Acclaimed At Recital

CATER TO EAGER
MIDD. LISTENERS

Missing Glove Shortens
Backstage Interview
Friday Nite

Exquisite taste, perfect balance and complete harmony marked the program selected by Whittemore and Lowe, duos for Friday evening, March 24. Spectators remarked that it was the obvious enjoyment of the artists themselves, transmitted to the audience, which made the selections so fitting. The program was as follows:

- I
Pink Grapefruit Sonny California
- II
Fantasia Crustacea Neptune
Bourree Spud
Waltz of the Asparagi Del Monte
- III
Interlude Cook
1. Rolls
2. Butter
- IV
Rhapsody in Orange and Cream Krustie
Cancion Cafe Brazilian Folk Tune

Entire program arranged for two pianists by Treadway. Special thanks to Station Board No. 2 for permission to use Butter.

As the audience waited for the program to begin, suspense was heightened—for the front row—by the sight of two pairs of highly polished black shoes, topped by an inch of Navy blue G. I., pacing around the stage, and one pair of muddy rubbers (native stuff) trotting nervously back and forth. The rubbers are still anonymous.

Presently the curtains opened. The concert—well, it spoke for itself. We don't want to exhaust our supply of superlatives in one paragraph.

Feminine Scare

Hurrying backstage to try to sandwich an interview between autographs and train time, we discovered that the artists had been slightly leery about playing before an almost completely feminine audience of the impressionable age—as well they might have been. Explanation of that apprehensive glance of Whittemore's toward the first row came when he stated that the pianists were afraid it might prove to be a distraction in the form of a whispering gallery. Unholy thought! But they weathered the ordeal beautifully, and even managed the gallant statement that this was the most attentive and appreciative audience they had ever had. We wonder what they expected.

Puerto Rican musical tastes are not very different from our own, we discovered. The abundance of Spanish rhythms in the program was due not so much to environmental influences in the early part of the pianists' career as to a preference for these rhythms on the part of service men. Having ourselves spent many

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Middlebury Goes Dry

Water Supply
Entirely Cut Off
For One Week

Navy
Carries Water
In Barrels From Boston

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Dere Emma:

In your letter you asked me to tell you about the Navy. That sure is going to be easy because that's all I can think of to tell you about. I sure appreciate your letters which you owe me one and don't forget. Mail is very good to help a sailor's moral.

Now I suppose you'd like me to tell you about the Navy. Well, I arrived at Middlebury last month, which is a small college in Middlebury, Vt., that I have never heard of before, although I have now and like it a lot. A nice fellow with a gold stripe on his sleeve called an ensign met me at the station with a station-wagon and helped me carry my suitcases and radio up to the dormitory which we now call ship. After I left my bags he took me downtown so I could go to the bar and also to the drugstore to buy some cards and dice so we could have fun in the evening. By this time it is time for dinner so we rode up the hill again for dinner, called chow. Having no roommate makes me go to the dining room with the fellow next door who shares the same bathroom with me (his father makes toothpaste and shaving cream so we don't have to buy any which is very good although I get paid plenty so I could buy it if I had to). Two others ate at the table with us, and our table looked very pretty—white tablecloth and flowers which made it very pretty so we felt at home. Some of the girls, co-ed like the college, waited on us and it was delicious. We had soup, lamb chops, peas, mashed potatoes, celery, coffee, and apple pie à la mode with ice cream. The other three made dates for the movies but I am true to you, and anyway she couldn't go so I stayed home to get acquainted with the other fellows which there are a hundred fifty of in the ship. We invited the chief to play poker with us, who is a nice fellow but had a date to, so we played by ourselves for penny ante and I managed to win \$.83 before we stopped at eleven-thirty. The chief came around then to show us how to open our window and shut off our radiators and to tell us that breakfast would be served from seven to

(Continued on page 3)

What's New At The Zoo

Monkeys is the craziest peopl, and so is apes. The mopkeys I saw last nite was all over the place. Boy, they got in my hair, but they was good. They was all dressed up fit to kill, and they murdered me! They was hoppin' and bumpin' and showin' their teeth all over the stage. They was movin' to music, and so was the trees and the cocoanuts. First they would run and then they would kick their heels in the middle of the air, and then six cocoanuts would fall down, and a few palm leaves also. As I said previous, they really was dressed, in red, orange, yellow, green, and red, orange. . . . oh, poeey; I was seein' stars! I got an especial kick out of the wine barrels—I kept gettin' thirstier and thirstier, an I don't wonder that those monkeys acted so hilarious. The rest of the time I just cried cause it was so perty. I cried until the curtain came down and went up again, and then I stopped cryin'.

Those apes in the next show was the best behaved apes I have seen. They stood still when they wasn't sittin' or movin', and they just talked to each other so dignified-like. They was dressed up funny too, but not as funny as the monkeys. I guess their costumes was just to cover up their bodies, more or less. Anyhow, they did a swell job of portrayin' what people are like, and it was fun to see our professors enjoyin' themselves so much. The female apes was lovely. I personally would like to see more of them myself.

Well, I hope this lets you people who didn't see the performance know what it was like. I sure liked it fine!



VICTIM OF SHIPWRECK

April Fools Invited To Gala Gym Hop Given by Mt. Club

Black Panthers to Play,
Will Shoo Cares Away

By ONE OF THE BORED

Seeing as how this is April Fool's Day the biggest bunch of fools on campus is sponsoring a dance in the college gym beginning at 8.00 p.m. (for the benefit of the Navy who might not remember their civilian ways the time is 2000). As is typical of Mountain Club doings anything goes so don't be surprised at anything that happens.

The feature attraction of the evening will be a seven course dinner (steak, of course) and all the intoxicating beverages you can name. See what I mean by a strictly April Fool's affair.

Panthers Will Play

There's going to be Mort "Sascha" Harmon and the famed panthers and that's no April Foolin'. They made such a hit last week-end at the navy dance that the Mountain Club went to great trouble to bring this much sought after combo back to Midd for a repeat performance. They turned down the offer for their Town Hall debut so we really are enjoying quite a privilege in having them back.

During intermission there's going to be some rare bits (I don't mean the Welsh kind) of entertainment. The great artists of the country are going to perform and our featured guests will be Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Benny Goodman, Fred Waring (who has recently made a new arrangement of "High, High on the Hill" and many other favorites.

Come One and All

You are cordially invited to come and be foolish with the Mountainers of Mountain Club

Come one—come all
Be you short fat or tall
Put on your vigor and vim
And come to the gym.

P. S.—You'd better wear more than your vim and vigor even if it is April Fool. It may be spring according to the calendar but you know that Vermont weather is a past master at this April Fool stuff.

Letter to Ed.

Mah deah editah:

I cawn't refrain any longer from telling you what I think of youaw scandalous sheet! Youaw nose, smelly repowtas hawwe ruined my private life. I cawn't go hither or yon without being followed by one or mawr of youaw pesky pip-squeaks! Futhawmoaw, you manage to misconstrueaw everything befoaw you print it! I shall exemplify and clarify just what I mean.

Lawst evening, I was entawtaining a pawfectly eligible young bawchelor fraum the naval unit heaw. We was spawting it a bit out behind Fawrest Hawll. Jawst as I was clinching the deal, so to speak,

(Continued on page 2)

Secret Research Proves Song Writers Fooling Us

Laziness Hits Campus Hard Takes Big Toll

Laziness is sweeping the campus. The raging epidemic has now reached amazing proportions, and there seem to be no signs of any let-up. Over seven-sixths of the campus is now suffering the effects of this annual spring infection. More people come down with it regularly every day.

Because the disease has taken so many in its toll, the trustees have called a special meeting to be adjourned Thursday afternoon at 4 a.m. in the Old Treasury Office. Mrs. Michel D. Ts Drinkenstein, chairman of the P. of L. on C. C. in S. (Prevention of Laziness on Coed Campuses in Spring) in Washington has been asked to attend this meeting to see what remedies she might suggest. She is an authority on the subject, having won the sleep-most marathon of 1903.

First Symptoms

First symptom of Laziness is an uncontrollable desire to sleep for three days straight which comes on during the first ten minutes of lecture in the first class of the day. This desire is usually somewhat suppressed leaving the victim slightly whoozy with drooping eyelids.

The second attack invariably comes on during the first attempt to study. This time the suffering is more acute and the victim is left exhausted. It is impossible

Intermission Just To Break Strain

to lift a book, much less to open it. There is a general drifting toward town with the idea that the air and a coke might help. If this does not prove sufficient to satisfy the undefinable longing of the patient, a night at the movies may help. The result of the second attack is a general slackening of attendance in classes the following day, especially in those courses in which the professors are addicted to daily quizzes.

Quote Quacks

The only scientific data relating to this disease which the CAMPUS staff could locate was a brief article in Volume 3890 of *Contagious Cures* by Quacks. The following is an excerpt: "No cure has ever been discovered for this dastardly disease, Laziness, which leaves in its trail a shambles of lowered averages and flunked pre-A's. Among the peculiarities noted about the disease are that it occurs at the time of full moon; the patient becomes addicted to cemeteries, towers, puddles and observatories; and there is an intense aversion to anything pertaining to work."

individuals' possession of the knowledge of the truth may be each statements—those men who fight so that their lives to the exposure of misleading of the past, present and future who devote out, we paid a silent tribute to those men was beginning to tell on him. Tip-toeing the strain of these nerve-racking weeks see the Doctor's eyes slowly closing, for be back in the ranks again. We could under any circumstances; but he will soon erting that DOES DO NOT EAT OATS, still recovering from the shock of discovery. John, said Doctor Webster, was public, humbugging the gullible American statement and condemned the song writers strongly on the subject of this erroneous fighting forces. Doctor Webster felt be cabled overseas to all branches of our He also revealed that this world soon including the *Times* and *Herald-Tribune*, been sent to the leading publishing houses,

Out Theory False

Doeseedoats Is Not Scientifically True

Experiment Conducted by
Dr. Noah Webster,
L.S., M.F.T.

One of the most noteworthy experiments ever performed in Middlebury College has been going on for the past month. In an interview with Dr. Noah Webster, the amazing origin, procedure and conclusions of this experiment were revealed.

Entering the laboratory several weeks ago, Doctor Webster found two of his students in a violent argument. Above the noise of the rising heated discussion, such indistinguishable phrases as "Mare seedoatsanddoeseedoats," drifted across to the professor. Hastening to find the cause of the disturbance, Doctor Webster was soon confronted with an uncanny problem. In one of the newest song sensations, which was sweeping the nation and being warbled daily by children in knickers as well as college intelligentsia, housewives, influential businessmen, residents of Brooklyn and blue blood society, there was a complete misrepresentation of the activities of certain animals, according to one of the hot blooded students. His opponent, whose name we shall call John for convenience sake, believed the statements to be authentic. Those lines in question are:

Hypothesis

"Mares eat oats, and does eat oats, and little lambs eat ivy, a kid will eat ivy too, wouldn't you?" (to be sung in rapid succession).

Realizing the full scientific import of this question, and farsightedly seeing the immense number of people this was affecting, Doctor Webster proposed that all three of them should carry on an experiment to prove or disprove the above statement, which was by this time haunting both the students and the Doctor.

A few days later, the materials arrived, including 6 mares, 6 does, 3 female and 3 male lambs, 3 female and 3 male kids, 36 sacks of oats and numerous ivy plants. During the day the animals were locked in Doctor Webster's office. It should be mentioned that the experiment was conducted in the utmost secrecy to enable the scientists to proceed without disturbance. At night, the sacks of oats were removed from the storeroom, the animals were released from their pen, and were observed by the three erstwhile humanitarians.

Disclosure Imminent

Doctor Webster disclosed that he felt the "cat would be let out of the bag" several times during these trying days. During one of his lectures, the neighing of one of the obstreperous mares filtered through the door. With that "the jig is up" feeling, he hastened to explain to the perplexed pupils that this was the mating call of one of the the Duo-procurious blackbird specie which flies through Vermont at this time of year in its migratory path to the far north.

On the last day of the third week, the three weary conspirators met to compile and compare their notes. Although the actual data can not be released yet, the great discovery which had evolved after these many strenuous days was that mares eat oats, little lambs (both male and female), cat ivy, kids (both male and female), eat ivy, but that DOES DO NOT EAT OATS, under any circumstances.

Truth Revealed

Although Doctor Webster was extremely exhausted, he kindly ended our interview with several more remarkable facts. The conclusions of the experiment have

(Continued on page 1)

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NO. 30

Away With The Board

We have discovered, after careful research, that the Middlebury women are making a great mistake. They are being corrupted by one physical appendage in the rooms—oh, we can hardly utter the words: tan, pin-pricked Bulletin Boards. Little do we realize they are leading us down the path of destruction! They are morale-defeaters, untidy decorations, revealing imposters; they are merely silly school-girl novelties and have no place in a college of higher education.

Bulletin Boards may be categorized into four types: (1) the frustrated, (2) the animal effigy, (3) the fraternity badge, and (4) the regulation. The first is the most dangerous of all, for it reveals the inmost secrets of the souls of students (which might just as well be left alone), and it has no regard for human inhibitions. In glancing at one during the week we were shocked to find it full of pictures showing heroes and heroines in enrapturous embraces. A longing look at these scenes shakes the room-owners considerably, makes them give way to impractical dreaming and finally utter dismay. The victim can no longer study and is in danger of being expelled for not meeting academic requirements.

Of the second type, much can be said. To think that idols, personifications of living creatures, are allowed to be posted in public view! The creations of nature ought not to be copied by men, especially when they are so distorted. The poor dumb, colored beasts, elephants, pigs, fish—are plastered with a jumble of pictures, dance programs, and cartoons.

The fraternity badge Bulletin Board is the most shocking of all. To expose to the world the sweet intimacy of two souls is disgraceful! To hang one's heart on a dormitory wall is unthinkable! Let him who has such passion keep it to himself.

No matter what type, even the comparatively harmless "regulation," the Boards have no place in the rooms of liberal arts students. First of all, they flaunt the personalities of the inmates, whereas the character should be kept subtle and mystifying. Such a manifestation of dispositions may spoil the tender illusions of others. The roomer may find herself friendless when her colleagues discover the true character showing itself.

Furthermore, the kaleidoscopic Boards corrupt the symmetry of the room, for in the neat, well-ordered study, the wall space becomes a jumble of glossy prints cocked at weird angles. The colors which are put together fairly scream at each other. The orange of a Navy dance banner, the green of a party cup, the purple of a stolen napkin, make the room flamboyant and gay, while it should be dark and sombre. All intellectual dwellings must have a heavy, musty air about them to make the work accomplished therein, scholarly.

We have been speaking of school spirit at Middlebury. Do we realize that such a small matter as having or not having a Bulletin Board may be at the root of all our troubles? Often, in traveling through the dormitories, we find a student slumped over her desk, weeping convulsively. She has just, in the midst of study, taken a look at the ogre-ish Board, seen a dance program which reminds her of a happy date, or a picture showing the smiling faces of old alums. Her heart is heavy as she finds herself sitting alone on a moon-lit night—and the tears flow readily. Perhaps her eye falls on the picture of an engaged friend and the howl goes up even louder. Her spirits are dampened, her thoughts are bitter, her mind is not fit for academic pursuit. Inner thoughts cry out, "Is life worth living?" But, unfortunately her soul must carry on, dejected and melancholy, for the administration decrees that no fire-arms be kept in the rooms.

We must do away with these monsters immediately. For as each year goes on, the dust marks made by their imposing bodies become more and more distinct. We will soon be obliged to put them in the same spot as they occupied the previous year. They will be self-perpetuating year after year! Their mark cannot be erased from the walls!

When the evils are pointed out, it is obvious that the students must take action on this problem.

This is a watch-bird watching you. Are you a Bulletin Boarder? If so, cooperate and sweep them from your midst today. Then, your life will be happy, your room orderly, and your soul sacred.

Business Staff Announcements

Announcement one:

Members of the staff are hereby notified that the traditional Campus Banquet is financially possible this year. All those wishing to attend, please sign up on the Observatory Bulletin Board.

Announcement two:

We wish to announce a most successful campaign among the V-12 students. The Navy subscribe 100 percent to the CAMPUS. The 13th platoon has also ordered additional copies to be sent home to everyone's mother. In appreciation, next term we plan to offer special rates: Five subscriptions and a Mickey Mouse watch for \$7.98. If, after ten years, you are not satisfied, return the watch to us and we will send you a Donald Duck alarm clock.

To the gentleman who forgot to sign the following letter:

Dear Sir:

I am accustomed to receiving my CAMPUS on Thursday morning. It is now noon on Thursday and as yet, no CAMPUS has arrived. What has happened? I realize that the town is tied up in a second Johnstown flood but I do not regard that as sufficient excuse.

Very truly yours,

We send the following answer:

Dear Sir:

We sincerely apologize for the fact that your CAMPUS is late. As you say, the Johnstown flood is not sufficient excuse and neither is Middlebury's recent earthquake. We have checked our system for the source of error, and have, we believe, corrected it. It seems there was a sabotaging moth in the mail-bag, who, after grueling questioning, finally admitted that he had been eating your CAMPUS each week.

Very truly yours,

Girls' Football

(Concluded from page 3)

be some good material. For some mysterious reason the muscle development in the legs of every one of the perspective players is above average and should adapt itself well to kicking, running, and climbing—if the formation necessitates the last mentioned. Miss Shurtz also hesitated to mention personalities in connection with this new venture, but she assures the college the team can not help but be "fast" on foot with agile fleeing stars as Miss Nancy L. Rogers, Miss Carol A. Jacobs, and Miss Jane Strayer. Holding up the more substantial positions of the team, calling for "firm foundations" will be such people as the Misses M. Jean Dunn, Janet E. Townshend, and Barbara M. Jagels.

(Continued on page 6)

Record Crowds Held Breathless By Philharmonic

Native Son Swings Out With Five Hours of Jive

The Middlebury Philharmonic Society under the ingenious direction of Mortimus Harmonivitch made its biennial appearance to an audience estimated to be around 50 persons packed in—Hamlin Hall. This society, although its talent originated from the portals of Middlebury College, has so many other engagements to fill it can only make appearance at the "hometown" once in two years.

Solo artist for the concert was pianist Arturo Astorino who held the audience spellbound while he gave out with some "jive."

Great Repertoire

As for the actual repertoire of the Middlebury Philharmonic the orchestra's selections are so extensive in number that only a small portion could be played at Saturday night's concert. The opening number was the intrinsic overture to the immortal opera "Tuxedo Junction," all of which put the audience into that "do or die mood" that only appreciators of really good music can feel. Following this the jive cats gave out with a bit of "In the Mood" which the critics acclaimed to be one of the best arrangements of the evening, although a bit deep to follow the first overture.

Individual musicians were featured in the next two numbers which consisted of "Isn't This a Heck of a Way to Spend the Morning" and "Once You Get Going You Can't Get Stopped."

Sonorous Snoring

The history of the society is an interesting one to follow. When M. Harmonivitch arrived at Middlebury he and several others of the orchestra members met quite by accident. Three of the members were in—(censored) class and found themselves to be harmonizing in their snoring. With this original start they soon found themselves in demand all over the Campus by professors who desired their attendance in order to keep other students awake. However, the quartet realized its potentialities and went out for "bigger bait." They traveled to the metropolis of New Haven Mills where they had their first big engagement. From there their history is the usual success story—new member added, radio auditions, Hollywood contracts, and last but not least the Middlebury Philharmonic has been requested to have the highest honor of all thrust upon them. In M. Harmonivitch's pocket he has an invitation to play at Town Hall—Middlebury, Vermont.

NOTICES

Coffee and doughnuts will be served in English class 32.1 for the remainder of the semester. All students interested in the making of these refreshments should get in touch with the host, Prof. Richard L. Brown, at the soonest possible moment.

Any students interested in non-credit physics to "round off" their liberal arts education which will be offered for the July term should leave their names in the dean's office before Monday, April 3, at 5:00 p.m. This course which will be composed of two semesters in one, with six one-hour lectures a week plus two three-hour labs, will probably be \$20.

Beginning with the issue of April 8, the CAMPUS will continue its policy of coming out whenever it darn pleases.

Passion puddle is now open for evening walks. Reservations for meetings to be held there should be filed in office of the Dean of Women. To avoid conflicts early reservation is desirable.

Warning on Weather

English Elites:

Oh, spring it is a gentle thing
Beloved from pole to pole!
Yet when the days feel warm at last
Remember still the winter's blast
May mark you for its goal.
Water, water everywhere
And all our shoe soles leak
Water, water everywhere
Upon a campus bleak.

Chem Crams:

2 hearts + 1 diamond = Spring

Math. Majors:

Spring fever—spring = Midd
U + ur destination + high water
= Midd
V-12—12 + V-8 + 1 H E 2L of a
D-8
Don't send your galoshes home!

LETTER TO ED.

(Concluded from page 1)

I heard someone counting—23, 24, 25, 26. Nevah befall have I had my awctions so closely tabulated! My pooh companion was ovacome and fell in a dead faint! Youah detestable adding machine then disappeared, leaving me to revive thawt poah man. When he came to, he took one look at me, blushed purple, and rawn away. I have been trying all mawning to contact him, but they say he has gawn to South Awfrica. I am miserawble!

Awn tawp of it awll, I found a stawry undah youah Middlebury Bits column this mawning, which is making my life unbearawble. I am certain thawt it refers to me . . . something abawt a bunny rawbbit, and a vulcha. How could you poke such fun at poah helpless female? Cawn't you confine youaw jibes to the less persawnel awctivities on cawmpus?

FROM A CAWNCELED SUBSCRIBER

Have a "Coke" = Sakabona (WHADDYA SAY?)



...from Bloemfontein to Buffalo

In South Africa, as in the U. S. A., the greeting Have a "Coke" helps the American sailor to get along. And it helps, too, in your home when you have Coca-Cola in your icebox. Across the Seven Seas, Coca-Cola stands for the pause that refreshes—the friendly gesture of good-natured folks.

BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY
COCA-COLA BOTTLING CO. OF BURLINGTON



"Coke" = Coca-Cola
It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

"Speed" Epitomizes Future Programs

Acceleration 44.6 To Give 5 Credits

After serious consideration of the deficiencies in the present group of courses offered at Middlebury, the administration has arranged a new group of courses, tending to revolutionize the whole educational system and place Middlebury in the annals of progress.

"It is not for mere selfish motives that we are adding these supplements to the general curriculum," stated one of the outstanding faculty members, "but with an eye to the shortening of the whole war, to benefiting mankind at large, to instilling in the student body a nice sense of the proportion of things, to—" At this point he was cut off by a severe blast of hot air that had entered the conference room.

Acceleration Course

Leading these courses is Acceleration 44.6, a course expected to be so much in demand that the applicants must receive permission from the entire faculty before enrolling. To briefly summarize the purpose of this course, it is necessary to use the one word SPEED. Statisticians have proved beyond all doubt that students, faithfully adhering to these doctrines, will be able to complete the out-moded 4 year college course in 3 months, 5 days, 9 hours, and 22 seconds. If 80,000 men and women graduate from college every year, it will mean that in the future 320,000 will pour off the assembly line in that same period of time. It is easy to see the infinite possibilities of such a situation.

Acceleration 44.6 deeply affects all the lines of study from art to science, and will create an entirely new type of living at Middlebury. The Navy personnel in conjunction with the college is offering under this program several lectures on "How to Brush Your Teeth in One Easy Stroke," subtitled "Or Why Bother to Brush Them at All, You Always End up with Cavities Anyway."

Nutrition by Means of Pills

The chemistry department is eagerly working out their part of the course. Scientists have agreed that the traditional 3-meals a day idea is just a waste of time, and are consequently preparing a series of pills which will combine all the essentials necessary for health and eliminate such trifles as roast beef, cake and ice cream from the diet. Waitresses, will pass from room to room at the prescribed times with these pills. Experiments came in a head in the Chem building when the scientists, having brewed their concoctions in the cellar, fed one of the trial pills to a cat. It lept up in the air, turned two somersaults and when last seen was dancing a sailor's hornpipe in front of Gifford Hall. If the tablets are as unqualifiedly successful as this experiment has led to believe, a course will also be offered in the atomic content of this matter.

Dining Room Roller Rinks

The problem of what to do with the vacated dining rooms has been solved by the Physical Education Department. As soon as possible they will be turned into roller skating rinks. Here the students may practice their techniques, skating of course, in preparation for passing between classes. Each student must purchase a pair if he wishes to enroll in this course. The stores of Middlebury are

Two Barbers
Always Ready to Serve You
MIDDLEBURY BEAUTY
AND BARBER SHOP

EASTER IS APRIL 9
Have You Obtained
Your
HALLMARK CARDS?
PARK DRUG STORE

cooperating to the fullest extent in buying up quantities of skates to be sold at wholesale price. Consultation with the Naval authorities has resulted in the issuance of G. I. roller skates with detachable spats to all Navy men. With the entire student body rolling along from one class to another, the time between classes will be reduced considerably. There is one restriction that should be noted, however. The trustees have absolutely forbidden waltzing on the sidewalk between Munroe and the Warner Science building. Dave Fortune has volunteered his services as instructor in the fancy steps of skating. The Physical Education department is offering also, as the main extra curricular sport, "Lai J'hail," known as the world's fastest game.

Double Concentration

Perhaps most important of all to students who desire to get the most out of their classes is a course known as "How to Do Ten Things At Once," or "Are You An Octopus, If Not, Why Not?" given by a Navy V-12er, well versed in the activities of the subconscious mind. He hopes to enable everyone at the end of two days to attend lectures, take comprehensive notes, read the assignments, and do any other miscellaneous things that one is accustomed to take care of in class time—all in a 40-minute period, ordinarily devoted to lecture alone. "This," claims Warren Waxter, authority on the mind, "is all done through the opening up of the subconscious. I hope to achieve astounding results." Several enthusiastic students have been seen practicing this new art of double concentration in Chapel already.

This new conception of acceleration will extend even to the Choir. It is suggested that they practice all their anthems in triple time and arrange concert of jive featuring the "1.00 O'clock Jump."

The effect of acceleration upon the Middlebury Campus has been thus expressed by one Naval Officer, "Damn the torpedoes! Full speed ahead!"

Letter to Editor

My dear friend, Ed T. Oar:

I have a deep complaint to make to the administrashun of your fyn collge. Befoar my dawtur came to Middlebury we hurd of the butys of the Campus. Aftur she arryved we still hurd about the butys of the Campus, but now that spring is hear, we no longer here about the butys of the Campus. Perhaps, I shuld clarefy my statnumt. We here about the butys from fore inchus above the ground up, but whut about those fore inchus down?

I have a furthur complaint to make to the administrashun. Shoo rashuning is going on, but my dawtur absolutlee wull beee going bear fut at the rate hur shues r wuring out. Culd there beee any arranjumnt bye witch Middlebury wumen could have another cupon? Bye any chance is their a tye-up between the fore inchus down munchuned in the furst paragraf and the shooes?

frum,
BEARFUT ANNY.

LEROY RUSSELL

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Shipwreck!

Everybody knows about the shipwreck dance which the navy boys put on last Saturday night in the high school gym. The Black Panthers were so good that a the shipwrecked people were swimming in time to the music. They had a little trouble getting to the party cause they had planned to have it on their luxury liner but just about as folks were getting ready to go something happened and their ship got wrecked so they made a raft of some old boards that had formerly been the masts (get that, their luxury liner had sails).

Caught As Were

some of the women were caught without much in the way of clothes but they were so anxious to hear Mort "Sascha" Harmon and his famous panthers that they decked themselves in sack cloths (but nobody came in ashes—that's probably because they have oil heat and couldn't find any ashes). And that's not all . . . some of the men were caught with their pants in the proverbial position . . . as a matter of fact the winner of the men's costumes didn't have no pants at all, that was Bud Cohen poor man all he could manage to save was his argyl sox and the garters he was wearing, he had the beginnings of atux from the waist up.

Burlap and Bath Towel

Charlotte "Baggy" Davis, the Burlap kid from the potato patch was really an old bag . . . to be even more specific she was a bag tied in the middle. She won the first prize, And Jean "Butch" Hickman won second prize. Some might have thought that hers was sarong idea but when you're taking a bath and get caught in a shipwreck the proper thing to think of is a towel and that's exactly what she thought of, unfortunately however—no it was fortunately, that's all she thought of before she was washed overboard.

They had a line of lost and found articles strung on a clothes line between two palm trees on the nearby island where the panthers had set up their stand. They started looking for the lost passengers and like I have already said it was at night that this happened so the rescue ship had to turn their spotlight on the waters where I told you the couples were all swimming in time to the music.

Latest Fashions

The chef was just cleaning up the supper and getting food out for breakfast so he didn't have time to get out of his apron and cap. There were more women caught taking their showers and the towel twins found themselves adrift in their towels. Jake was the wise one tho' he knew that

Leo Wisell

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PHONE 93

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(Concluded from page 1)

eight if we wanted to go which was nice of him.

In case your wondering about my uniform. The next day the C. P. O. came around about ten-thirty and left our things on our beds for us as we were out taking a walk. Well everything was fine, except my shoes didn't fit so I went downstairs and there was a table full of shoes of different sizes so I could change if I wanted too and so I did. Well, that was fine. My uniform is very nice and fits me good. The fellows say it brings out my individuality which I think is very nice of them. I like it a lot. The ski mittens you knit me are very pretty, the navy blue and white wool goes nicely with my uniform and they are warmer than the G. I., although it is awkward using my right hand without any thumb, but I like them any way and thank you.

Well, classes are very easy. The professors assign very little homework so we won't have to much work to do in the evening in case we want to go out or go to bed early and they give us plenty of time to do it which sure is nice as I haven't turned in last week's physics yet but he doesn't care. We're allowed to cut if we want to, especially quizzes if we don't think we can pass as we haven't studied due to a dance the night before. I wish you could come up to a dance sometime, which would be wonderful. We all stay up very late and the dance lasts long. It is sure is nice.

That's about all I can think of about the Navy that you asked me for. You can see that it's very nice and I get along fine. It sure is swell being a squad leader as I now am since last week and having my breakfast brought to me Sunday morning which usually is ham and eggs and pancakes if I want them, but outside of this I like it anyway. I hope your as fine as this leaves me and I miss you.

Love,

JOEY.

ocean voyages are cold so that when he was caught without the benefit of his trousers he had his John L. Sullivans to keep him warm. There was another member of Chase and Sanborn type, an old bag with a date (the date is a bit southern). She was wearing one of Hershey's best sugar bags, that's the latest thing in shipwreck wear.

A swimming good time was had by all —'nuff said.

Middlebury Girls Report for Duty On Spring Squad

Four Hundred Go Out For Women's Football

The spring sport season began last week with the introduction of a new sport for Middlebury women. For the first time in the history of the college nearly 400 enthusiasts from the four classes turned out for women's football.

Due to the condition of the women's athletic field in back of Forest Hall, which at this time of the year resembles a bog rather than an athletic field, the first practice for this sport was held at the high school gym. Demonstrations were made by prospective varsity players in an effort to start the women off to a technical beginning so no broken bones or concussions will be evidenced before the team actually joins in competition with other teams. Outstanding in the exhibition of a flying tackle was Miss Ann A. Argyle, who "ducked" the approach of Miss Mary Jane Selleck in a truly professional style. Although the texture of the high school gym proved to be a bit solid for Miss Selleck's incompleated tackle, Miss Maxine Shurtz, coach of the team, assured her that conditions would be quite the reverse when the team had their outside practices.

Passing Cushing

Because the new squad has been unable to secure a pigskin as yet (the request for the leather has been made and acknowledged by the O. A. A.—Office of Animal Accessories) for this initial practice they used the rolled up form of Miss Emmy Cushing, who dedicated her services for the glory of the team. Such skill the tryouts exhibited that Miss Cushing was only dropped three times.

Although it is a bit early in the season to speculate on the quality of the team as a whole, Miss Shurtz has made the statement for the press as follows: Out of the 400 Middlebury women there should

(Continued on page 2)

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April Fool Cautions---Don't Believe V-12, Civilians or Us

By THE BIGGEST FOOL

Having surveyed and survived several (discretion prevents mention of actual statistics) April Firsts we now feel somewhat capable of extending to you the results of our observations and subsequent conclusions drawn concerning the necessity of utilizing to its fullest this one special day devoted to all jokers—practical and otherwise.

First of all, let us caution you to beware of sailors bearing smiles. You may think you know men and their capacities but their capabilities can never fail to surprise you and surpass all your wildest suspicions. Are they chivalrous and gallant? Oh, absolutely! And isn't it SPRING? Well, temporarily so anyway. "Well then," you ask, "what have I to fear?" Oh, absolutely nothing, except perhaps a peanut butter Nab offered with the greatest solemnity and delicately flavored with a dash of cayenne or even a (celluloid) creature with an expression singularly cockroachian (fooled you! that last word isn't in the dictionary) calmly observing you from the spotless white page of your notebook with that monarch-of-all-he-surveys attitude.

Beware of Civilians

Also, beware of civilians audaciously offering such various and sundry suggestions as, "Let's have a cigarette, coke or hand of bridge." Experience has played its part in prejudicing us against kerosene flavored cigarettes, spiked cokes, and partners who support us in a suit and then triumphantly lay down a dummy hand without a single trump. It is at these moments that life resembles simultaneously a tragedy, a comedy, and also a paradise (for fools only!)

"We Told You So"

However, if by any chance you should fall victim to any or several of these above mentioned schemes may we offer one consolation. Sunday follows Saturday and you may retire into seclusion on the morrow to nurse a bad case of wounded-priditis or gastronomical constrictions. Under no conditions short of dying should you apply to us for sympathy because we have an inexhaustible supply of "We-told-you-so's" at our immediate disposal. Also, there is a slim chance that a few of us may be similarly engaged in recuperating from like ailments in spite of all our wordly wisdom and sophistication.

Now consider yourself warned if not well fortified and prepared for the rest of the day. To coin (?) a brilliant and scintillating phrase—forewarned is forearmed. Don't you believe it though because statistics show that chances for escaping unscathed are practically nil. And now as we send you forth to face the cruel world a feeling of guilt rests heavily upon us because we forgot to preface these words with the admonition that you beware also

of coeds bearing CAMPUSES. Have we the nerve to shout it on the run as we dash to our sanctum sanctorum on O. C.? Well, anyway, here it is—APRIL FOOL!!

Professors Doze In Lecture Halls; Research Begun

Monroe—April 1—P. U.—Confirmed reports from various reliable sources have admitted sheepishly (on the part of prof-backers) and it must be said wolfishly on the part of students that are professors, those erudite gentlemen of learning have been found on more than one occasion, firmly clasped in the gentle arms of Morpheus. On the surface this seems to be no serious matter but on further inspection into the depths of the question, it is discovered that the slumbering has been going on . . . oh! is it possible . . . has been going on . . . in the lecture halls!! Yes! going on in those very rooms whose walls are sodden with knowledge and whose ceilings are so heavy with weighty matters that the trustees are thinking (only thinking, mind you) of propping them up with two-by-fours. (97c a piece—unpainted).

No Hope

During all of last week, telegrams flew from Middlebury to the Mayo Clinic, to Medical Center, to Walter Reid Hospital . . . To No Avail. There was no new disease which might save the reputation of the unworthy instructors. World famed psychoanalysts slipped unnoticed into classrooms and after continued observation of the somnolent forms (heads—gray, black, or shiny resting in arms, backs heaving gently and regulated snoring echoing up and down the halls), the doctors, as one body, rose, removed their hats, rolled their eyes upward, pulled the right lobe of their left ears, blew their noses, cleared their throats, adjusted their false teeth, opened their mustached mouths and sadly shook their heads.

Degradation of Culture

The students of Middlebury College are worried only because they are afraid that attendance will not be taken in the blighted classes. They do not search for a solution to the problem. It is not their place to question the professors. But the rest of the country refuses to take this degradation of culture sitting down. Walter Slippman considers it a threat to democracy equalled only by the country's present administration and Walter Clinchell is quoted "Flash! Something MUST be done."

Navy Pianists Win Approval Of Collegians

(Concluded from page 1)

arduous hours in the conquest of Chopsticks, we were amazed and definitely awed to learn that eight weeks and five months, respectively, had elapsed between the last two appearances of the artists, with, as Whittemore put it, "almost no time at all" to practice in between.

At this point in the interview, the discovery was made that one pair of Navy gloves was missing. Suspicious glances were cast in our direction as Whittemore mumbled something about fatal fascination and souvenir seekers and felt for his wallet. Lowe, peering under the piano, said, "Don't be so conceited," whereupon Whittemore indignantly stated, "I am not conceited! They're your gloves." The situation was happily solved when the gloves were discovered nestled in the fold of the detached top of the second piano.

The Big Question

So much precious time was consumed in this search that it was necessary for the two to start immediately for the station, on the slim chance that the Rutland might be on time. An inarticulate attempt was made at describing our appreciation and enjoyment of both the concert and the interview, and Whittemore and Lowe expressed regret that they could think of nothing spicy and at the same time printable for this article. So flustered were we by this abrupt termination to our interview that it was only as we stumbled down the darkened steps of the gym that we remembered to ask the most important question of all, "Are you married?" The answer was "No." Ah me.

P. S.—For those interested in the menu chosen by the pianist sailors for Friday dinner, we submit it as follows:

Coronation Scene from "Boris Godunov" Moussorgsky	
Variations on a Theme of Haydn.....Brahms	
Melodie Gluck	
Roumanian Rhapsody, No. 1.....Enesco	
Intermission	
Begin the Beguine.....Cole Porter	
Guaracha Gould	
Temptation Brown	
Waltz Fantasy J. Strauss	
Intermission	
Pagina de Guerra Casella	
(Tone pictures written during the last War)	
1. Russia	
2. Alsace-Lorraine	
Hora Staccato Dinicu	
Waltz Reger	
Bohemia Ravel	
Entire program with the exception of the Brahms, transcribed for two pianos by Whittemore and Lowe.	

STOPS

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Nacey and A. Lunnemacher Promise Skiing All Summer

By CHEMY USHING '48

Lunnemacher and Nacey have done it again! Those two energetic bundles of originality have discovered a way to keep the skiing good until long into May, June, July, August, and maybe September, if conditions are right. Who do they think they are, superwomen? We won't commit ourselves, but we know that this idea will be a big success.

One of our ace reporters, Ray Hacker, when sent to interview these pigtailed wonders, found Lunnemacher running around underneath a record suspended on a skylinehook, with her finger following the groove in the record. Brahms' Second Symphony, 3rd Movement, filled the room, and Miss Lunnemacher yodeled in time to the music as she dashed round and around. The quieter Miss Nacey sat painting something unintelligible, and when Hacker, a little bewildered, asked what it was, he got an unintelligible answer. "It's an 'Oyster Playing Baseball at Midnight Overlooking the Thames.'" This is sure to be one of Miss Nacey's most outstanding paintings.

Question Hour

Miss Lunnemacher stopped tearing off Brahms' Second, and setting her pig-tails where they wouldn't hang in her face she began to answer questions asked by Mr. Hacker.

Q. "What are these mysterious wonderful plans for the Mt. Club all summer? What about all this skiing business?"

A. Miss L. "We thought all you crazy kids would like something a little different, and some day that you could keep skiing all summer, if you get sick of hikes."

Q. "What about snow, it helps, you know?"

A. Miss N. "Aha. That's the big plan." She had put down her picture and was critically looking at it from a distance. Hacker, who didn't seem to be getting the direct answers to which he was accustomed, tried a new approach.

Q. "You can't make me believe you're actually going skiing."

A. Miss L. "Just wait. We've got it all fixed up neat. We're going up on the other side of Dipman Hill where all those pine trees are. Then, we'll choose a committee, you know, as in Carnival, and as Barley Cutts did such a good job, we're

going to have him and his committee pick up all the sticks on the hill, and then we can go skiing on pine needles."

Hacker gasped, "but one committee won't be able to clear the whole hill."

A. Miss N. "Simple. Don't forget the skyline Trouts (not a typographical error). They'll do it. Anything we want done, we just call on them. We've got all the carrier pigeons rented to take them over there. All we do is use rakes, combs, toothpicks, and iron claws. If you know where we can get any extra fine tooth combs, I wish you'd let us know. And the best thing of all. We're going to get a coke machine up there which plays 'O, Mama, O' when you put a nickel in, besides giving you a bottle of coke. Then we're going to put a tent or a house which can be used to change in, if you want to ski in bathing suits. Then every one will be real tan."

With a Will There's a Way

Q. "How do you know it will work?"

A. Miss L. "Of course it will work! Besides we're going to put lights up there so those kids who have lab all afternoon can ski at night. Right up on top, we're going to put a platform so that we can dance. Then all the Trouts are going to make sandwiches, for refreshments, every morning from 4.30 to 7. These are really going to be good, as the crusts will have to be off, and those sandwiches over three inches thick won't be allowed to be served."

Q. "But what about the wax? Don't tell me you can use Soames red?"

A. Miss L. "Don't tell me you've never heard of Pine Needle green? Made out of tar and honey, and fast as molasses." The next week, the story appeared in the CAMPUS. The whole student body went wild. What an idea! Leave it to them to keep the Mountain Club on a mountain.

Any resemblance to persons living and dead, is not so coincidental.

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